THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 136.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I think it may be safely asserted, that no kind of intellectual pleasure yields a higher and more permanent delight, than that of conversation. The view of the sublime and beautiful in nature, excites, for a moment, the most agreeable sensations; but the charms of these diminish the longer we behold them, and if continued for a considerable time, produce satiety and disgust. The pleasures of framing new combinations of ideas, or of retracing former impressions in solitude, rarely afford extensive employment except to vigorous and exercised minds. But the enjoyments of conversation are capable of being felt in some degree, by every description of minds: they may be continued longer without fatigue than any other mental exertion, and are susceptible of infinitely greater variety.

We are so much in the daily habit of enjoying the converse of those around us, that we are scarcely sensible of its high value. Like the man in full health, we need a temporary deprivation to awaken us to a sense of our felicity. But let any one, who has been removed for a time from his accustomed circle, in which he was able to indulge in familiar converse, recollect with what rapture he returns it, and he may easily imagine how a state of total solitude and seclusion would affect him. The Creator, no doubt, at the same time that he gave us the faculty of speech, implanted in the constitution of our nature this susceptibility to the pleasures of conversation, with the view of attaching man more strongly to that state of society, for which he is evidently destined.

Reading, which is so often termed conversing with the dead, affords much of the pleasure of conversation, though upon the whole it falls short of it. There is as much difference between the former and the latter as between perusing the poetry of Shakspeare and hearing it delivered with the grace and energy of a skilful tragedian*. The one is painting in chalk: the other in the glowing colours of a Titian.

It is in general true, that conversation is more cultivated in a nation the further it advances in civilization and refinement. The savage passes whole days in silence, and seems to take a pride in stupidity. In the country, conversation is less attended to than in the city: both from the nature of the people's occupation, their smaller number, and in general less capacity for intellectual delight.

But nations have made equal progress in the cultivation of letters, and have possessed different characters in this respect. Witness the English and French, who contend for the palm of writing: though in the arts of conversation, in the cultivation of social enjoyment, the latter have surpassed all nations that we are acquainted with. Nor do I know a stronger argument to prove the importance of this minute intercourse of life, than the characteristic firmness and gaiety of the French nation, which no reverse of fortune, or accumulation of misery is able to subvert. The true practisers of Stoicism, without the vaunting of that sect. And when it is considered, that the formation of the character depends almost wholly upon the employment of our domestic life, I do not think I attribute it to too trifling a cause in supposing the fortitude which marks the French character, to be produced principally by the influence of those social enjoyments.

Among ancient nations, the Athenians seem to have carried to the highest refinement, the art of conversation. As they were ignorant of printing, even the education of their youth, and disputes of their philosophers were conducted personally. Socrates did not, like Addison, diffuse his immortal truths on paper, but developed them in repeated conversations with the citizens of Athens.

The people of the United States have been charged, by a late traveller, with taciturnity; and when compared with the French, they are certainly of this character. With the language of the English, we have inherited a large portion of their manners and opinions. We aim at condensing our words, rather than amplifying them; and employ ourselves more in acting than in talking. Our republican institutions, equality of property, and variety of modes and sentiments, arising from the various people of whom we are composed, and, in general, an universal employment in business which leaves little room for intellectual pursuits, will contribute to foster this disposition to silence. Yet those, who consider how much the exercise of social enjoyment brings to the stock of national and individual felicity: and how large a share of these conversation produces, will be disposed to regret this proneness to reserve, and will be inclined to prefer the gaiety and vivacity of the French with its concomitant levity, to all the solidity and good sense of the English, with its ordinary spleen, moroseness, and brevity. T.

* Cooper.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MOST REMARKABLE VISIT TO ENGLAND, &c.

[In our last, we commenced a burlesque Tour, at the expense of a German barbarian. We now resume the narrative of a sprightly satirist, who, in our opinion, has undertaken a very acceptable service, in deriding the monstrous style of Von Kotzebue, the *Hun* and *Longobard* of Literature. The rage for German literature is one of the foolish and uncouth whims of the time, and deserves all the acrimony of the lampooner. We are sick, heart-sick of the rumbling bombast, infamous sentiments, and distempered sensibily of the Teutonic tribe.]

I was now beginning to execute my darling plan of visiting Wales, whose mountains may be compared to the Alps, and whose vallies are not less fertile than those of Piedmont and Savoy.

The Bristol coach took me up at the White Lion, in Broad-street. Of the moral character of my fellow travellers I cannot say any thing, for none uttered a word. The Germans have been accused of phlegm, but they are exceeded, I think, by the English.*

In our road to Gloucester, we stopped to bait our horses at Thornbury. In the neighbourhood of this place is an eminence, commanding the prospect not only of hill and dale, but also of the river Severn. A profound gentleman was sitting on the stump of a tree, sketching with his pencil the view of an old castle. To these ruins his eye was directed wholly unconscious of the surrounding scenery. Coach-man, said I, who is that gentleman. "Ah, slash him," cried the coach-man, "he is one of your *Towerists*,—he will walk you more miles in a day than Powell, the Yorkshire-man. He never takes the coach. I never yet saw the stamp, or colour of his coin!" It was late when we reached Gloucester. I was put down at the Star. The girl that waited at table, was a fresh coloured damsel, whose cheek roses would have persuaded me she was a virgin, had not the sigh she fetched, when Jack the boot-catcher brought the boot-jack, given the lie to her bloom.

I could not help observing in the cities of England through which I have passed, that the house-maids towards night receive their lovers at the street-door. This brought to my recollection the passage in Shakspeare, where a clown picks up a child—"This," says the fellow, "has been some stair work, some trunk work, or some back door work."

From Gloucester, I proceeded to Ross, a place known throughout the world by the magic of Pope's muse. Pope, in his epistle to my lord Bathurst on the abuse of riches, looked round for a character of exemplary frugality and benevolence, and found it in Mr. Kyrle, whom he had immortalised in his song. I had the honour to sleep in the very house that first resounded with the infant cries of the man of Ross—for the house of his nativity has become an inn, and is known by the sign of the King's Arms. Nearly opposite to the King's Arms dwells Mr. Roberts, a bookseller. He received me with the blandishments of trade. He mouthed out nearly the whole of Pope's famous epistle; and he shewed me a desperate fine likeness (I repeat his own words) of the good man of Ross. But to be honest in my confession, I often stole my eyes away from the canvas to gaze on the more animated face and form of Miss Roberts, who sat at work in a back parlour, and now and then gave a hem! Spirit of my sainted Frederica! if, from the bosom of eternal light, thou beholdest the acts of mortals, rebuke me not, I implore thee, for glancing at Miss Roberts! Alas! they who have loved as I have loved, will know that my glance was quite innocent—that it was a tribute to thy self! I thought I recognized in the visage of the bookseller's daughter, some semblance to those features over which I have so often hung more than enamoured. I rioted in the illusion! and, for a while, but oh! how transient, the torch of my happiness was again lighted up!

From Ross I proceeded to Brecon and from Brecon to Trecastle.

* This remark of the author of "Indians in England," is not just. TRANSLATOR.

I delighted in Trecastle. Its deep solitude was congenial to my feelings. Undisturbed, I ascended the hills in the neighbourhood. I indulged in all the luxury of sentimental sorrow. The vapours of my morning pipe ministered to my reflections. I recalled my tender interview at Gotha with Frederica. I recalled my transports at beholding her. Our first embrace! The heart-felt joy, with which I contemplated her cheeks manifesting health and content. Her roseate bloom! her eyes sparkling with intelligence and affection! How present were all these ideas to my imagination; and how does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images. Fain would my pen describe them in equally glowing colours. But words are unequal to the task! Yet all, who have hearts can imagine them!

From Trecastle, I proceeded to Llandovery, and keeping the road to Swansea, I, in succession, passed through Llandilo and Pontiberris.

Of Llandovery nothing is known, but that it was once remarkable for a drunken vicar; and at Llandilo no object detains the eye but the daughter of the landlady, who keeps the public-house.

Miss Griffith is less robust and less rustic than Welch girls are in general; and for this reason her personal charms have been extolled sometimes with a diamond on the window pane, and sometimes with a pencil on the wainscot.

I am of opinion, that her beauty inflames the reckoning. Mrs. Griffiths was by no means moderate in her charge; nor was the waiter content with six-pence.

At Swansea, I went to the Mackworth Arms, The landlord is a droll. He is not less corpulent than a roast-beef alderman. He was once overturned in the mail, and the passengers fell on him. Lie still! exclaimed one of them. Get up, cried the landlord,* or I am smothered.

From this journey, and the manner in which it was performed I should have derived much benefit, since the shaking of the vehicle was good for my health, had not the state of my mind embittered every enjoyment; never could I divest myself of the recollection, of why I was travelling, why I was wandering thus up and down, without any fixed object in view. I was in pursuit of peace and composure of heart, two friends, which I could not hope soon to find.

Swansea, May 11.

Were a German to form his opinion of Swansea from the account given of it by the Welch tourists, he would image to his mind an elegant town which no man of refinement can leave without casting (to cite an English bard) a longing, lingering look behind!

But, in fact, Swansea is an irregular, ill paved place, of an oblong shape; having few good edifices and only one old castle in its neighbourhood, which is on Kilsey Hill †

Swansea has many libraries. There is a library kept by Mrs. Oakley and her daughter; and another by Mr. Evans and his son. Not one of these libraries had my works. But they are quite in the circulating style, they admit only those authors, who are *verba, voces, et praeterea nihil.*

It was in vain that I asked for the Virgin of the Sun, The Spaniards in Peru, or the Court of Burgundy, it was to no purpose that I inquired after Adelaide of Wulfingen, the Indians in England, or the Force of Calumny. It was fruitless to seek either the Voluntary Sacrifice, Poverty and Magnanimity or Joanna of Mountfaucon. Nor could I find either The Happy Family, the Reconciliation, or the Wise Men of the East.

Swansea is a very disagreeable town, I would prefer *Tobolsk* to it. Indeed, *Tobolsk* is a charming *Sejour* for a German sentimentalist. He may fraternize either with the white or the brown Bear, he may plan schemes of emancipation for the whole race of Siberian convicts and rail against the despotism of Russian sovereigns without a dessentient voice from the wild. He may read the philosophy of Kant, or the tremendous scenes, of Schiller. Nay, he may unscrew his inkhorn, and, invoking either the genius of Frederica or the Teutonic muse, he may compose dramas to madden all the jacobins of Europe. He may describe the unparalleled sufferings of princess *Smockman Smockzow* smarting under the knout, or the captivity and imprisonment of baron *Bluff king bogzy.* He may compose charming comedies to lull Sibeian virtue to sleep, and a romance entitled "Ingenious Owls, or Adventures of the Round Faced Family."

Pyle May 12*th.*

I this morning left Swansea and proceeded to Pyle house. In my way to Pyle I passed through Neith, a suffocating place, tolerable only to the cyclops. Its venerable abbey is inhabited by the ragged and dirty families of the workmen employed in the copper smelting houses.

It was almost mid-night, when the mail-coach put me down at Pyle Inn. I was received by the eldest Miss Marment, who replied to me, when I asked if she had any spare beds "worse luck for us we have"

Pyle Inn is a large and dreary structure. It was built by Mr. Talbot of whom Mr. Marment rents it.

Mr. Marment has a fine family. His daughters are lovely and his sons robust. But he is a man of a disposition quite tentative and experimental. His ambition is to be thought an improver of agriculture; but the score would become his hand much more than the plough.

I staid three days at Pyle, and every day I was waked by the note of the cuckoo. I shall ever hold the memory of this bird in detestation. He one morning, disturbed my slumbers, when I was dreaming of Frederica.

Both the Misses Marment speak the French language with ease. But my delight was to hear the eldest talk Welch. How often listening to her was I ready to exclaim

"Thy tongue
"Makes Welch as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
"Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower
"With ravishing division to her lute."

Cowbridge May 16.

This day I left Pyle in a post chaise and travelled towards Cowbridge. I had ordered the chaise at nine but it was noon when I departed. In fact, I left the place with regret. Its solitude was suited to the feelings of my breast. The hours I passed there were melancholy, but consoling; they soothed rather than corroded. My Frederica seemed with me. I talked to her, as though she was present and poured out to her also my heart. Ah! perhaps she really was present! perhaps she hovered about me, as my guardian angel. But oh! why did she not appear, for one moment, to give me assurance of her existence. I had a pleasant ride to Cowbridge. Indeed, I was peculiarly gratified by passing the village of Llancarvan, the birth place of Caradoc, the famous Welch bard, a contemporary with Geoffry of Monmouth. This rendered it much more interesting to me, than any old castle could have done.

Cowbridge is a town with only one street. It having little or no trade, the inhabitants are eternally standing before the doors; and hence the traveller to get through the town must undergo the martyrdom of their looks.

It is more famous for its grammar school, than its learning; and when a youth reads the Ænied at Cowbridge it is for the pleasure of accompanying Æneas on the map. I can say but little more of Cowbridge, unless I tell what is known to every post boy, that it is fifty two miles from Bristol, and eight from Cardiff.

I dined on Sewin, a fish resembling a salmon, but very inferior to it in flavour. My Inn was the Bear; and the sign, by a very natural association, recalled to recollection Siberia where I once expected to have been devoured by that beast.

My stay at Cowbridge is to be considered as a grand era in my travels, for here I bought a horse. It was to indemnify myself for the *ennui* I had experienced in the mail-coach and post chaises that I made the purchase.

I got this horse from Davy Jones, a drover. In fact, it was a mare, I cannost boast much of the creature. She was meek as a lamb and lean as a rat, but she had enough of strength to be mistress of my weight, after the multiplied afflictions that had reduced me.

Good, like ill Fortune, when it comes, is generally in abundance. The day I bought my mare, I also formed an acquaintance with Dr. Bates, a man of the best natured countenance in the world, but troubled with a gouty affection in his legs. Doctor Bates is the most intelligent man in all Cowbridge. He was several years at Paris during the monarchy, and plumes himself not alittle upon his knowledge of the French language.

Notwithstanding his physical ailments, he is exceedingly amiable; and delights so much in conversation, that he neglects all his customers. As a surgeon, therefore, his profits are nothing; but Doctor Bates is an *accoucheur*, and, in rational estimation, he is a greater man, than Buonaparte; for surely he, who introduces thousands into life ranks higher than the man, who hastens the same number out of it.

Caerfilly, May 23.

Having caught myself frequently yawning in the corpulent company of my host and hostess, I thought it was time to depart from the Bear. I therefore mounted my Galloway and took the road to Llandaff. Davy, the ostler, fingered half a crown of my fortune, before I put spurs to my nag; and the maid who had ministered the *Cwrw*, and taught me Welch, beheld my departure with undissembled sorrow. Mr Kotzebue, cried the girl, is such a good natured gentleman that I would go through fire and water to serve him.

I now discovered that the proof of the pudding is to be found only in the eating of it. My mare was so sluggish that with the *argumentum baculinum* I could scarcely get her to advance. It was, therefore, sunset before I entered the episcopal see of Llandaff.

It was the day after the fair, and the riot of intoxication had not yet subsided in the place. I was so wretched at Llandaff that I withdrew to bed at seven; stunned with Welch songs and Welch gibberish. Opprobrious epithets resounded from the parlour, the kitchen and cellar of the White Lion. Not even the stable was exempt from disturbance. The horses were peaceable; but a Quaker traveller was beating the ostler over the head with a broomstick.

I left Llandaff next morning at an early hour, yet notwithstanding the sun was not risen, there appeared a joyous party in the kitchen, drinking *Cwrw*, and listening with vacant faces to the landlord, who had mounted a table and was mimicking the sermon of a Methodist Preacher,

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* This childish anecdote is perfectly characteristic of the drawling insipidity of the German traveller. To deride Boyle, Swift composed a "Meditation on a *Broomstick*." What the Dean of St. Patrick only feigned, Kotzebue actually realizes. He dogmatizes upon a *cup of coffee*, and draws a fine speculation out of a piece of *toast and butter*. He can moralize with *Mother Goose*, and recount sentimental stories about a pig stye.
Note by the Editor.

† The Author is here guilty of a small error. It is not called Kilsey, but Kilvey hill. TRANSLATOR.

* One might almost suppose from this happy expression which is literally rendered that the author was a Yankee Provincial.

Having left Landaff, I took the road to Caerfilly, and on the way encountered a buxom Welch girl, whose figure reminded me of the damsel in Terence *corpus solidum colon verus*. My saddle being large, and the young woman appearing somewhat fatigued with walking, I proposed she should mount. The girl smiled assent; and having placed my horse against a bank she vaulted on the saddle with inconceivable agility.

In this manner I jogged forward very sentimentally, encircling the waist of my fair companion with one hand, and guiding my horse with the other. There are some, who will twist their mouths into a sneer, when they hear of my riding double with a Welch woman, and that woman a nymph of mamillary exuberance. But he who has loved as I have, is safe, though assailed by a Lais or a Phryne. If I but turned one thought towards Frederica, how instantaneously did the charms of the Welch woman vanish, no! best of wives! even in this situation I harboured not a thought unworthy of thee.

Within two miles of Caerfilly there is the most beautiful prospect in all South Wales. It is Thornhill. Such dells! Such rivers! the eye is ravished.

There my fair equestrian dismounted, and I entered Caerfilly alone.

I stopped at the Boar's Head; the sign pleased me; it brought to mind the revels of Falstaff and Prince Henry. Fellon the ostler (I love to give his name) being tippling in the neighbourhood, my horse was led to the stable by Mary. Indeed she was the only person, belonging to the house, who came out to receive me. Mr. Jones takes things easy. He sat smoking his pipe in the hall with the Surgeon of Caerfilly and beheld my approach with the most provoking nonchalance. Had it not been for the bright eye of Mary, I would have gone to another Inn, but her eye seemed to announce, We are all happy at the Boar's Head.

During my abode at Caerfilly, the accomplished Dr. Bates made me a visit on his poney—Spontaneous kindness I always hail; It has most commonly sincerity for its concomitant.

The Docter was still *aeger pedibus*, that is, he moved like a man in fetters. It was a lamentable sight to behold a man of florid countenance, shuffling instead of walking.

Doctor Bates was not less conciliating than ever. He had again read my East Indian, my Self Immolation, my Force of Calumny, and My Peevish Man. In his opinion they were all unexceptionably excelient, and he praised them not less exuberantly than the critics had damned them.

The Doctor had put into his pocket the first quarterly number of The Edinburg Review: This he said was to amuse me! alas! among those who are amused by this literary Journal there must be a general combination in favour of malignity.

Have you seen this Review, said Dr. Bates.

I have, sir.

And what think you of it?

I think my Amanuensis would write better English stans pede in uno.*

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SPIRIT OF ELOQUENCE.

[On the famous question of Wilkes's outlawry, LORD MANSFIELD, it is well known, expressed his opinions at great length both on the point of law, and the temper of the times. Burrows, in his reports, has given this speech, but it is reported with so much of the pleader's dryness and formality, that much of its geuine grace and spirit is lost. We have the satisfaction of exhibiting in the Port Folio, a copy more faithful to the original. We will not refuse ourselves the pleasure the opportunity presents, of expressing our admiration of the rhetoric and intrepidity of a most accomplished nobleman, whose contempt for the populace and for *popular doctrines*, is entirely to our taste. A late writer has remarked that such was his dignity of manner, and such the *high tone of feeling*, with which he *poured forth his polished periods*, that the very *populace* which thronged *tumultuously* the immense hall, melted into mildness as they hung attentive upon his accents. The contrast between him and the associate judges was such, that John Wilkes himself exclaimed, when one of them had ended his harrangue, in phrase more rude and barren than the rest, This is a draught of *hog-wash*, after a *bottle of champaigne*.]

I have now gone through the several errors, assigned by the defendant, and which have been ingeniously argued, and confidently relied on, by his counsel at the bar. I have given my sentiments upon them, and if upon the whole, after the closest attention to what has been said, and with the strongest inclination in favour of the defendant, no arguments, which have been urged, no cases which have been cited, no reasons, that occur to me, are sufficient to satisfy me in my conscience and judgment, that this outlawry should be reversed, I am *bound to affirm it*—And here let me pause. Many arguments have been suggested, both in and out of court, upon the consequences of establishing this outlawry, either as they may affect the defendant, as an individual, or as they may affect the public. As to the first, whatever they may be, the defendant has brought them upon himself, they are inevitable consequences of law, arising from his own act; if the penalty, to which he is thereby subjected, is more than a punishment adequate to the crime he has committed, he should not have brought himself into this unfortunate predicament, by flying from the justice of his country; he thought proper to do so, and he must taste the fruits of his own conduct, however bitter and unpalatable. Although we may be heartily sorry for any person, who has brought himself into this situation, it is not in our power, God forbid it should ever be in our power, to deliver him from it. We cannot prevent the judgment of the law, by creating irregularities in the proceedings; we cannot prevent the consequences of that judgment, by pardoning the crime; if the defendant has any pretensions to mercy, those pretensions must be urged, and that power, exercised in another place, where the constitution has wisely and necessarily vested it—The crown will judge for itself. It does not belong to us to interfere with punishment; we have only to declare the law. None of us had any concern in the prosecution of this business, nor any wishes upon the event. It was not our fault that the defendant was prosecuted for the libels upon which he has been convicted. I took no share in another place, in the measures, which were taken to prosecute him for one of them. It was not our fault that he was convicted. It was not our fault that he was outlawed. It was not our fault that he surrendered himself to justice. None of us revived the prosecution against him; nor could any one of us stop that prosecution, when it was revived. It is not our fault if there be any errors upon the record, nor is it in our power to create any, if there be none. We are bound by our oath and our consciences, to give such a judgment as the law will warrant, and our reason approve; such a judgment as we must stand or fall by, in the opinion of the present times, and of posterity. In doing it, therefore, we must have regard to our reputation as honest men, and men of skill and knowledge, competent to the stations we hold.* No considerations whatever should mislead us from this great object, to which we ever ought, and, I trust, ever shall direct our attention. But consequences of a public nature, reasons of state, political ones have been strongly urged. Private anonymous letters sent to me I shall pass over. Open, avowed publications, which have been judicially noticed, and may therefore be mentioned, have endeavoured to influence or intimidate the court, and so prevail on us to prevaricate with God, our consciences, and the public It has been intimated, that consequences of a frightful nature will flow from the establishment of this outlawry. It is said the *people* expect the reversal, that the *temper* of the *times* demands it; that the *multitude will have it so;* that the continuation of the outlawry in full force *will not be endured*, that the execution of the law upon the defendant will be *resisted*. These * are ARGUMENTS WHICH WILL NOT WEIGH A FEATHER WITH ME. If *insurrection* and *rebellion* are to follow our determinations, we have not to answer for the consequences, though we should be the innocent cause. We can only say *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*. We shall discharge our duty, without expectations of approbation, or apprehensions of censure. If we be subjected to the latter unjustly, we must submit to it. We cannot prevent it. We will take care not to deserve it. He must *be a weak man* indeed, who can be staggered by such a consideration.

We are careless of the misapprehension, or the misrepresentation of the ignorant or the wicked, and of the *mendax infamia* which is the consequence of both. These things make no impression on men of firmness and intrepidity. Those, who imagine judges are capable of being influenced by such indirect and unworthy means, most grossly deceive themselves. For my own part, I trust that my temper and the texture of my life, have furnished me with a suit of armour to shield me from such arrows. If I have ever supported the king's measures, if I have ever afforded any assistance to government, if I have discharged my duty as a public or private character, by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution, maintain unsullied the honour of the courts of justice, and by uprightly administering, giving energy to the laws; I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward, than that *most pleasing* and *most honourable one*, the CONSCIENTIOUS CONVICTION OF RECTITUDE. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind. I wish earnestly for popularity. I will *seek* and HAVE popularity. But I will tell you how I will obtain it. I will have that popularity which FOLLOWS, and not that which is *run after*. It is not the applause of a day, it is not the huzzas of thousands that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being. That man's mind must indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a *most depraved sort*, who can be seduced by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and I can say it with as much truth as he did, *Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam, virtute partam, gloriam, non infamiam putarem.* But threats have been carried farther. *Personal* violence has been denounced, unless *popular humour* be obeyed. I do not fear such threats. I do not believe there is any reason to fear them. It is not the genius of the worst men in the worst times to proceed to such shocking extremities. But if such an event should happen, let it be so. Even such an event might be productive of wholesome effects. Such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargy, to an active and alert state; to assert and execute the law, and to punish the daring and impious hands, which had violated it. Men, who now supinely behold the danger, which threatens all liberty from the most abandoned licentiousness, might, by such an event, be

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* This is not the only acrimony of Kotzebue on the Scottish Reviewers. In fact, these critics have spoken contemptuously of him. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*
TRANSLATOR.

Note, by the Editor.

* It is impossible for any man of *ancient* honour and spirit; it is impossible, for any man, not in servitude to the tyranny of democracy, to peruse the above sentiments of the magnanimous MANSFIELD, without sparkling eyes, and a beating heart. This is the natural language of a great man, conscious of rectitude, and braving the seditious spirit of the herd. These are the natural and just sentiments of a sagacious statesman, whose politics apply to the actual baseness and malignity of human nature, and not a visionary scheme of republican virtue.

roused to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are sometimes stunned into sobriety. If the security of our persons and our property, of all we hold dear and valuable, are to depend upon the caprice of a *giddy multitude*, or be at the disposal of a *giddy mob;* if, in compliance with *their humour*, and to *appease their clamours*, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown, a life of somewhat more than sixty years is not *worth preserving, at such a price.** He can never die too soon, who lays down his life, in support and vindication of the policy, the government and constitution of his country.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM COWPER.

[Continued.]

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

September 7, 1783.

My Dear Friend,

So long a silence needs an apology. I have been hindered by a three-week's visit from our Hoxton friends, and by a cold and feverish complaint, which are but just removed.

The French poetess is certainly chargeable with the fault you mention, though I thought it not so glaring in the piece I sent you. I have endeavoured indeed, in all the translations I have made to cure her of that evil, either by the suppression of passages exceptionable upon that account, or by a more sober and respectful manner of expression. Still, however, she will be found to have conversed familiarly with God, but I hope not fulsomely, nor so as to give reasonable disgust to a religious reader. That God should deal familiarly with man, or which is the same thing, that he should permit man to deal familiarly with him, seems not very difficult to conceive, or presumptuous to suppose, when some things are taken into consideration. Woe to the sinner, that shall dare to take a liberty with him, that is not warranted by his word, or to which he himself has not encouraged him. When he assumed man's nature, he revealed himself as the friend of man, as the brother of every soul that loves him. He conversed freely with man, while he was on earth, and as freely with him after his resurrection. I doubt not, therefore, that it is possible to enjoy an access to him even now, unincumbered with ceremonious awe, easy, delightful, and without constraint. This however, can only be the lot of those who make it the business of their lives to please him, and to cultivate communion with him. And then I presume there can be no danger of offence, because such a habit of the soul is of his own creation, and near as we come, we come no nearer to him, than he is pleased to draw us. If we address him as children, it is because he tells us he is our father. If we unbosom ourselves to him, as to a friend, it is because he calls us friends, and if we speak to him in the language of love, it is because he first used it, thereby teaching us that it is the language he delights to hear from his people. But I confess, that through the weakness, the folly, and corruption of human nature, this privilege, like all other christian privileges, is liable to abuse. There is a mixture of evil in every thing we do, indulgence encourages us to encroach, and while we exercise the rights of children, we become childish. Here I think is the point in which my authoress failed, and here it is that I have particularly guarded my translation, not afraid of representing her as dealing with God familiarly but foolishly, irreverently, and without due attention to his majesty, of which she is somewhat guilty. A wonderful fault for such a woman to fall into, who spent her life in the contemplation of his glory, who seems to have been always impressed with a sense of it, and sometimes quite absorbed by the views she had of it. W. C.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

September 8, 1783.

My Dear Friend,

Mrs. Unwin would have answered your kind note from Bedford, had not a pain in her side prevented her. I, who am her secretary upon such occasions, should certainly have answered it for her, but was hindered by illness, having been myself seized with a fever immediately after your departure. The account of your recovery gave us great pleasure, and I am persuaded that you will feel yourself repaid by the information that I give you of mine. The reveries your head was filled with, while your disorder was most prevalent, though they were but reveries, and the offspring of a heated imagination, afforded you yet a comfortable evidence of the predominant bias of your heart and mind, to the best subjects. I had none such—indeed I was in no degree delirious, nor has any thing less than a fever really dangerous, ever made me so. In this respect, if in no other, I may be said to have a strong head, and perhaps for the same reason, that wine would never made me drunk, an ordinary degree of fever has no effect upon my understanding. The epidemic begins to be more mortal as the autumn comes on, and in Bedfordshire it is reported, how truly I cannot say, to be nearly as fatal as the plague. I heard lately of a Clerk in a public-office, whose chief employment it was for many years, to administer oaths, who being light-headed in a fever of which he died, spent the last week of his life, in crying day and night—"so help you God, kiss the book—give me a shilling." What a wretch in comparison with you!

Mr. S——has been ill almost ever since you left us, and last Saturday, as on many foregoing Saturdays, was obliged to clap on a blister, by way of preparation for his Sunday labours. He cannot draw breath upon any other terms. If holy orders were always conferred upon such conditions, I question but bishopricks themselves would want an occupant. But he is easy and cheerful.

I beg you will mention me kindly to Mr. Bacon and make him sensible that if I did not write the paragraph he wished for, it was not owing to any want of respect for the desire he expressed, but to mere inability. If in a state of mind that disqualifies me for society, I could possibly wish to form a new connection, I should wish to know him. But I never shall, and things being as they are, I do not regret it. You are my old friend, therefore I do not spare you; having known you in better days, I make you pay for any pleasure I might then afford you, by a communication of my present pains. But I have no claims of this sort upon Mr. Bacon.

Be please to remember us both, with much affection, to Mrs. Newton, and to her and your Eliza —to Miss C——likewise if she is with you. Poor Eliza droops and languishes, but in the land to which she is going, she will hold up her head, and droop no more. A sickness that leads the way to everlasting life, is better than the health of an antediluvian. Accept our united love.

My dear friend sincerely yours. W. C.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

September 23, 1783.

My Dear Friend.

We are glad that having been attacked by a fever, which has often proved fatal, and almost always leaves the sufferer debilitated to the last degree, you find yourself so soon restored to health, and your strength recovered. *Your* health and strength are useful to others, and in that view, important in *his* account who dispenses both, and by your means a more precious gift than either. For my own part though I have not been laid up, I have never been perfectly well since you left us. A smart fever which lasted indeed but a few hours, succeeded by lassitude and want of spirits, that seemed still to indicate a feverish habit, has made for some time, and still makes me very unfit for my favourite occupations, writing and reading—so that even a letter, and even a letter to you, is not without its burden.

John——has had the epidemic, and has it still, but grows better. When he was first seized with it, he gave notice that he should die, but in this only instance of prophetic exertion, he seems to have been mistaken: he has however been very near it. I should have told you, that poor John has been very ready to depart, and much comforted through his whole illness. He, you know, though a silent, has been a very steady professor. He indeed fights battles, and gains victories, but makes no noise. Europe is not astonished at his feats, foreign academies do not seek him for a member, he will never discover the art of flying, or send a globe of taffata up to heaven. But he will go thither himself.

Since you went we dined with Mr.——. I had sent him notice of our visit a week before, which like a contemplative, studious man, as he is, he put in his pocket and forgot. When we arrived, the parlour windows were shut, and the house had the appearance of being uninhabited. After waiting sometime however the maid opened the door, and the master presented himself. It is hardly worth while to observe so repeatedly, that his garden seems a spot contrived only for the growth of melancholy, but being always affected by it, in the same way, I cannot help it. He showed me a nook in which he had placed a bench, and where he said he found it very refreshing to smoke his pipe and meditate. Here he sits with his back against one brick wall, and his nose against another, which must, you know, be very refreshing, and greatly assist meditation. He rejoices the more in this niche, because it is an acquisition made at some expense, and with no small labour; several loads of earth were removed in order to make it, which loads of earth, had I the management of them, I should carry thither again, and fill up a place more fit in appearance to be a repository for the dead than the living. I would on no account, put any man out of conceit with his innocent enjoyments, and therefore never tell him my thoughts upon this subject, but he is not seldom low-spirited, and I cannot but suspect that his situation helps to make him so,

I shall be obliged to you for Hawkesworth's Voyages, when it can be sent conveniently. The long evenings are beginning, and nothing shortens them so effectually as reading aloud.

Yours, my dear Friend, W. C.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

The ensuing beautiful Ballad upon a Wedding, was written by the gallant Sir John Suckling, and was occasioned by the marriage of Boyle first Earl of Orrery with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. As the genuine remains of this witty nobleman are becoming scarce in this country, we are desirous of preserving so fine a memorial of his genius. We have omitted a passage or two in the original, which would offend

* This is uttered with all the caustic power of Shakspeare's Coriolanus The greatest men in every age have always felt, and expressed the most sovereign contempt for the idle, rebellious, capricious and stupid populace. It was reserved for the drivellers of a different school of politics from that, in which a *Murray* was educated, to court the vulgar by all sorts of fawning, all sorts of flattery, all sorts of falsehood, and all sorts of fraud. In the estimation of the Editor of this paper, not only the contemptuous, arbitrary, and haughty language of Mansfield was most suitable to the occasion, but that the dignity of his court should have been asserted by the sword of the soldier, if the rudeness of the rabble could not have been repressed by the might of the eloquent. No government is worthy our love, no court of justice will compel our respect, where a low bred, servile, motley, ignorant and ferocious mob, dare to interfere with their presumptuous dictation.

modern delicacy, and present the rest to our readers as a model of that elegant ease of style, for which the courtiers of Charles I are so deservedly famous.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest sights have seen;
Oh things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs.
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bless him!) 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town;
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But, wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid,
Yet, by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid, (and thereby hangs a tale;)
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce,
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But, oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight!

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in sight:
And then she look'd, as who should say,
"I will do what I list to day,
And you shall do't at night."

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly,)
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

—

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'd'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that, that would be thought upon
I trow, besides the bride.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters, in a trice,
His summons did obey:
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off and youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health.
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth;
(And who could help it Dick?)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus, several ways, the time did pass,
'Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time, all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride:——
But that he must, not know:—
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Messrs. Cushing and Appleton, Printers, Salem, Mass. have just published a beautiful edition of C. CRISPI SALLUSTII, *Belli Catilinarii et Jugurthini Historiae, &c.*

The publishers of this new edition of SALLUST, beg leave briefly to state the grounds on which they rest their claim to public patronage.

The TEXT has been carefully revised, and collated with three of the best editions of this author; and unwearied pains are taken in correcting the press; they believe therefore, that this edition will be found as free from errors as any classical work ever published in this country.

The NOTES are chiefly selected from those of the edition "*In usum Delphini.*" The redundancies of that Commentary are expunged, and many additional Annotations inserted from Commentators and Philologists of the first authority.

To give a greater value to this edition with the more advanced scholar, the VARIOUS READINGS of the most importance are occasionally pointed out in the notes.

With students of a younger class, and particularly those who are to finish their education at the *University of Cambridge*, this edition will, it is presumed, obtain a decided preference. By a late Regulation, a knowledge of SALLUST has been made a pre-requisite to admission into that seminary, and the present edition was originally undertaken at the request and with the approbation of the Governors of that Institution, and has been superintended by a gentleman, lately a member of that Body.

With respect to the typographical execution—the Elzevir editions of the Classics have been made the model as to the arrangement of the page, and size of the character. The impression is from a new and handsome type, on paper of a superior quality.

Messrs. POYNTELL and Co. are engaged in bringing forward some of the Greek Classics, in a very superior style. In another paper, and more copiously, we shall notice this praise-worthy attempt.

Mr. James Humphreys continues to be very assiduous in the reprinting of the most esteemed books. We shall not omit to render this worthy and enterprising bookseller, every service in our power. In fact, such is the value of the works he selects for sale, that he has a claim upon the public for a fortune.

Farrell's translation of Boyer upon diseases of the bones, which has been just published by Mr. James Humphreys, derives an additional value, in its American dress, from the additional plates, and from the notes of Dr. Joseph Hartshorne.

This is a work of a celebrated practitioner and teacher of surgery in Paris. It has been arranged by the famous Phisiologist* M. Richerand, who has enriched it with the results of his own experience. This book was a desideratum. The accidents, to which the osseous system is liable, have not hitherto been distinctly discussed in the English language. Hence information must be sought from foreign sources. Such a work as the present, therefore, embracing the morbid affections of the bones and articulations, will, doubtless, be deemed a valuable accession to the stock of medical literature.

We cannot dismiss this article, without expressing our high approbation of the accuracy, distinctness, and elegance of the plates, designed by Barralet and engraved by Tanner. They are sketched with scientific precision and finished with exquisite beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Edinburg reviewers concluding their analysis of one of the turbid compositions of Godwin, thus sarcastically allude to the lunacy of this philosophic mad-man.

Aware of the very superior manner in which Mr. Godwin's complaint is now accustomed to be treated, we had great hopes, upon reading so far, that a radical cure had been effected; but we had no sooner entered upon his remarks on population, than this pleasing delusion was dispelled, and we were convinced it was a case for life. The great expedients, which this philosopher has in store to counteract the bad effects of excessive population are *abortion and child murder!* In gratitude for these noble remedies of social disorder, we may take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Godwin the infinite importance of *shaving and blistering* the *crown of his head*, of *keeping the prima via* open, and of strictly pursuing an *antiphlogistic regimen.* By these means, we have some times seen the understandings of great philosophers wonderfully and rapidly improved.

—

From Secundus.

Cease thy sweet, thy balmy kisses;
Cease thy many wreathed smiles;
Cease thy melting, murmuring blisses;
Cease thy fond bewitching wiles.

On my bosom soft reclin'd,
Cease to pour thy tender joys:
Pleasure's limits are confin'd,
Pleasure, oft' repeated, cloys.

Sparingly your bounty use,
When I ask for kisses nine,
Seven at least you must refuse,
And let only two be mine.

Yet let these be neither long,
Nor delicious sweets respire,
But like those, which virgins young,
Artless give their aged sire.

Such as with a sister's love,
Beauteous Dian may bestow,
On the radiant Son of Jove,
Phoebus of the Silver bow.

* Professor of Anatomy and philosophy and principal surgeon to the nothern Hospital at Paris.

Tripping light with wanton grace,
Now my life, disordered, fly,
And, in some retired place,
Hid thee from my searching eye.

—

A recent Biographer, alluding to Wilkes's expulsion from the House of Commons, introduces the ensuing eloquent passage.

In this his fiercest and most important fight, the IMMORTALS descended into the war. The gravity of JOHNSON, biassed by its favourite political prepositions, lent to the scale of power its impressive weight. The sage BLACKSTONE, with his book of Wisdom, supported the cause of the Ministry. *Burke* more subtle if less vehement, than in later days, broke his lance in defence of popular right. And above all the fiery and the rapid JUNIUS in *dazzling armour* but *his beaver down*, coursed along the lists, scattering lightnings around.

—

A contemporary Politician who knew him well has thus boldly sketched the bold features in the character of the first Earl of Chatham.

He raised himself to the greatest offices of the state by the rare talents of *command* in a popular assembly. He was indeed born an orator and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect and even awe. A manly figure with the eagle face of the famous Condé fixed your attention and almost commanded reverence, the moment he appeared; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the haughty fiery soul before his lips had pronounced a syllable. His *tongue dropped venom.* There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one *askance.*

Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent Murray has faultered and even Fox shrunk back appalled from an adversary *fraught with fire unquenchable*, if I may borrow the expression of our great Milton. He always cultivated the art of speaking with the most intense care and application. He passed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phrases and choice of metaphors, yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his speeches could not be read There was neither sound reasoning, nor accuracy of expression in them. He had not the power of argument nor the correctness of language so striking in the great Roman Orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold glowing words. This merit was confined to his speeches; for his writings were always cold, lifeless and incorrect, totally void of elegance, and energy, sometimes even offending against the plainest rules of construction. In the pursuits of Eloquence he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth to the single point of talking well.

Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;
Abstinuit venere et vino

to a greater degree than almost any man of this age. He acknowledged that, when he was young, he *always* came late into company and left it early.

—

An English gentleman lately observed to one of his friends here that the Oxonians, when speaking of a man's talents, or genius, were in the habit of using the Greek word *nous*, or mind. As *he has no nous*, he has a towering nous, &c. &c. He then naturally inquired whether the word was ever used here, or any term of similar import, either cant or classical. He was immediately answered in the affirmative, and that the *classical* Americans employed the word *gumption*, a most lucky and brilliant expression, the darling of all true *republicans.*

—

Accounts from Paris mention that letters have been received at Ferrol from Monteviedo which state that the captain of a ship arrived in the river of Plate, declared that he had seen the celebrated La Perouse at the cape of Good Hope where that long lamented navigator had arrived with nineteen of his companions in a bark, constructed by themselves, from the unknown and desert country where they had been shipwrecked.

—

All the democratic essays of the day may be justly characterized, as strings of lies in columns of nonsense, wickedness without wit, and the temper of Wilkes and Junius, without the Spirit and ingenuity.

—

From the ardent spirit of democracy more danger to the body politic is to be apprehended than from an aristocracy, however highly rectified.

—

Pennsylvania now resembles Moorfields, and a large proportion of her rebellious citizens ought to be locked up in the city Hospital. Bread and water, chains and stripes, the solitude of a cell, and above all, the frowns of an imperious master, are infallible cures for the madness of democracy.

—

MR. FESSENDEN, the author of "Terrible Tractoration" has lately amused himself with *quizzing* the pedantry of some solemn blockhead whose character he has facetiously described in one of the New England papers. Mr. F. describes him at length under the influence of Cupid.

"About forty years since the learned Doctor was taken violently in love. He had however as little personal acquaintance with his goddess as Don Quixotte with Dulcinea; but his imagination presented her as a being that was quite the tip end of perfectibility."

"After many cogitations relative to the mode of disclosing the ardency of his affection, he at length adopted an epistolary mode of communicating his exquisite sensations. A short extract will serve as a specimen of his style as an amatory writer:"

"*My dearest Miss Ineffable,*

"The solar orb all gorgeous had just emerged from the Cærulean abyss of the wide spreading ocean. The mild radiance of his beams resplendent gambolled eccentric on the verge of the gay crimson-tinged horizon, suffusing a supreme serenity thro' the love-lorn bosom of the ardent admirer of the most adorable Amanda. The dimpled curling superficies of a capacious reservoir of aquatic particles, gently agitated by spice-breathing zephyrs, presented to the admiring eye a quivering subaqueous landscape, agreeably to the laws of reflection and refraction. What raptures ecstatic thrilled the glowing identity of your amorous Alsander, when through the attenuated, demi-illuminated, intervening foliage the celestial image of the lovely Amanda arrested attention. Your genuine Goddesship, in the most enchanting attitude of demi-declination sat secluded beneath the frondiferous opacity, where the pliant woodbine, romantically variegated by a multifarious diversity of oblique curvilineal implications, most delectably mantled the vivid circumference of a beatifical alcove."

—

The Edinburg Reviewers thus contemptuously describe a work, entitled, "Public Characters of 1801—1802."

"The design of this book appeared to us so extremely reprehensible, and so capable, even in the hands of a blockhead, of giving pain to families and individuals, that we considered it as a fair object of literary police, and had prepared it for a very severe chastisement. Upon the perusal of the book, however we were entirely disarmed. It appears to have been written by some very innocent scribbler who feels himself under the necessity of dining and who preserves throughout the whole of the work, that degree of good humour, which the terror of indictment by our lord the king is so well calculated to inspire. It is of some importance, too, that grown up country gentlemen should be habituated to read printed books; and such may read a story book about their living friends, who would read nothing else.

"We suppose the booksellers have authors at two different prices—those who do write grammatically, and those who do not; and that they have not thought fit to put any of their best hands upon this work."

—

Married in New-York, Mr. John Wright, to Miss Elizabeth Quirk. If a *quirk* on the delicate subject of matrimony has become not only excusable but *right*, we think that in this hymeneal notice there is ample foundation for a *quibble.*

[*Walpole Wit.*

De Wilde has nearly finished a picture from the scene in the *Honey Moon*, in which Collins so admirably distinguished himself in the character of the Mock Governor. The portraits of Miss Duncan and Elliston are also introduced in the picture.

[*Lon. paper.*

—

OUR KINTRY! OR A GRAVE O'T

By John Mayne Author of the Poem of Glasgow.

BONAPARTE o'er the sea,
Threatens you and threatens me;
But "single handed" though we be,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
Let him come, or let him send,
Back again he'll never bend,
Our island is his journey's end—
He'll only get his grave o't!

And for the fiend, like sons o' strife,
Who'd stain the soil that ga'n us life,
By a' that's dear to man and wife,
An inch they'll never have o't!
We'll fight like men wha dare be free,
We'll make them sa' or gar them flee;
And, when we've drown'd them i' the sea
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't!

In his king and kintry's cause,
Blest is he wha' nobly fa's?
Loud *fame* records him in her ha's
And *glory* tells the brave o't
Sound, sound your pipes, your chaunters blaw!
To arms, to arms! huzza, huzza!
Our king our liberty, and law;
Our kintry, or a grave o't!

[*London Paper.*

—

CANZON FROM THE SPANISH.

When I am done to death by thee,
And cold thy lover lies;
Turn to me, dear one, turn and see
Thy beauty's sacrifice!

Turn to me, dear—and haply then
Thy looks my life restore;
And teach the heart to beat again,
That beat for thee before!

Turn to me, dear! and should a gem
On those soft eyelids shine
Fall holy balm—fall fast from them
In showers and waken mine,

Turn—and from lips, that breathe of May,
If one kind kiss be given,—
He, who in deathly slumber lay
Slept—but to wake in Heaven!

—

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

An imitation of a French pasquinade, adapted to the tune and sentiments of the old Scottish song "of the bonny broom.'

"How blythe was I each morn to see
"My swain come o'er the hill," &c. &c.

In the person of a certain disappointed potentate.

How blythe was I each morn to see
My gun-boats go to school,
And swim about, like ducks and drakes,
All in a summer pool.
And oh, my boats, my bonny bonny boats
That us'd so well to steer;
My petty boats run off like goats,
When JOHN BULL'S dogs appear.

KEITH'S powder kegs have spoil'd my brags,
And quite broke up my school;
When heads and arms, at duck and drake,
Play'd round the troubled pool.
And oh, my boats, &c.

I can't subdue the world at once,
As once I hop'd to do;
The blustering Ocean says I shant,
And scares my jolly crew.
But Oh the Moon, the bonny bonny Moon,
The Moon that rules the tide;
I'll mount to the Moon, in an air balloon,
And humble England's pride.

I'll teach her in the air to dance,
And make the sea dance under;
Lay bold CORNWALLIS in a trance,
And swallow England's thunder.
And oh, the Moon, &c.

And if upon the Moon I meet;
The ghosts of Jaffa's train,
Or ENGHEIN's shade, to taunt my crimes,
I'll kill them o'er again.
And oh, the Moon, &c.

The Moon in amaze shall dance the hays,
And then eclipse the Sun;
The planets six shall learn new tricks,
And I'll enjoy the fun.
And oh, the Moon, &c.

By Saturn I will rule the Dutch,
By Mercury the Gaul,
By Jupiter the German boors,
By Mars I'll rule them all,
And oh, the Moon, &c.

But Africa, Spain, and Italy,
And all the Asian plains,
By Venus led shall own my laws,
And truckle to my chains.
And oh, the Moon, &c.

But if the planets scorn my laws,
I'll put them in my pocket;
The Sun shall go to the shades below
Just like a blazing rocket.
And oh, the Moon, &c.

The running flames shall light the Thames,
And point us to our prey;
I'll sail to Leith with the wind in my teeth,
And cross to Dublin bay.
And oh, the Moon, &c.

Hark! hark! I hear the dog-star bark,
Orion sounds his horn;
My streamers play, I soar away,
And meet the car of morn.
And oh the Moon, the bonny bonny Moon
The Moon that rules the tide;
I'll sail to Toulon, like thunder in June,
And make proud NELSON hide.

The character of some of our city belles, who patrol every fine evening up and down High-street is tolerably hit off in the following lines of an old song, with which last night I sung my self to sleep.

Coquet and coy at once their air
Both studied—though both *seem* neglected
Careless they are with artful care
Affecting—to seem unaffected.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The sarcasm upon the German School, exhibited in the Mock Tour, which we are now publishing, will cause some of our old fashioned readers to smile at that Gothic taste, which can admire the language and sentiments of Kotzebue. The barbarous language of your Hogan Mogan writer and its total unfitness for the polite themes of Literature, did not escape the keen eye of BOILEAU, the poet of good sense, whose classical lay, and correct politics will be admired, when Atheists and Rebels, and Absurdity and Kotzebue, are sunk into oblivion.

En vain, pour te louer ma Muse toujours prête,
Vingt fois de la *Hollande* a tenté la conquête:
Ce pays, où cent murs n'ont pu te resister,
Grand Roi n'est pas en vers si facile à dompter
Des villes, que tu prends, les noms *durs* et *barbares*
N'offrent de toutes parts que syllables *bizarres*
Et qui peut, sans fremir, aborder *Woerden?*
Quel vers ne tomberoit au seul nom de *Heurden?*
Quelle Muse a rimer en tous lieux disposée?
Oseroit approcher des bords du *Zuiderzée?*
Comment en vers heureux assiéger *Doisbourg*
Zurphen, Wageninghen, Haderwin, Knotzenbourg!!
Wurts ah quel nom, Grand roi, quel Hector que ce *Wurts*
Sans ce *terrible nom*, mal né pour lesoreilles,
Que j'allois as tes yeux etaler des merveilles!
De ses farmeux remparts dementir la fierté
Bientot, mais *Wurts* s'oppose à l'ardeur qui m'anime.

The writer in the Lounger, with the signature T. is entitled to our particular notice. Uncorrupted by the bad taste of many of his contemporaries, he writes with purity and neatness, and his style is neither stained with a provincial tinge, nor tumid with "the big swelling words" of July vanity. We understand that he is a very contemplative and studious young man, who is willing to pay the price of excellence by literary labour, a coin, which though it does not shine so resplendently, perhaps wears better than Genius itself. On every occasion, we are most cordially disposed to animate every American writer, who is studious to emulate the diction of the purest authors in England. Our correspondent belongs to this praiseworthy class, and if commendation from the Editor can incite T. still to associate *assiduity* with talents, we shall rejoice that we have had reason to pay him a sincere compliment.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In the autumn of 1804, we first enjoyed the distinguished honour of the acquaintance and friendship of THOMAS MOORE, Esq. better known as the English Anacreon, and one of the politest scholars, of whom England is proud. During his visit to Philadelphia, we had an opportunity closely to discern the fine qualities of his head and heart, and to be more convinced than ever, that elegant and even profound literature might be accompanied by all the social virtues, and that the studies of the cloister and the courtesies of a gentleman might be harmoniously united.
After a short time, given to his friends here, which left them nothing to regret, except that these halcyon days of an intercourse with genius were too few and fugitive, Mr. M. departed on a tour to the British provinces. Shortly after he left the city, he addressed to the editor the following elegant, affectionate, and impassioned verses, which were written on the way from Philadelphia, and inclosed, for the Port Folio, in a letter from New-York. In the Morning Chronicle, of that city, a *surreptitious* and *incorrect* copy has been printed, which has been transferred to many other public papers. We now print this beautiful and pathetic poem from *the original manuscript of the author*, and detain the reader no longer from the perusal, than merely to mention, in justice to the genius and sensibility of Mr. MOORE, and to our own admiration of his fascinating talents, that the exquisite compliment to Woman, in the fifth stanza, is worthy of Tibullus, and that not the courtly WALTER himself, the poet of gallantry, has ever flattered the fair with more courtesy, or more address.]

Alone, by the Schuylkill, a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature! tho' blessed and bright are thy rays,
On the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
How faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart, that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet.
Ah! scarce did he hope it would bless him again,
Till the threshold of Home had been kiss'd by his feet!

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him with flattery, welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame.

Nor did woman, oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did *She** her enamouring magic deny,
(That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long)
Like eyes he had lov'd, was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them, did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed on his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be the eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The Stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When, at home, he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone! T. M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Come balmy comforter, come gentle sleep,
And o'er my wearied head,
Thy softer influence shed,
Bury my sorrows in oblivion deep,
And close these eyes, that ope to weep.
To weep for miseries past,
And sufferings long to last,
In blest forgetfulness my fancy steep.

But yet thou hearest not my prayer,
In vain I wait thine aid,
New sorrows still invade,
Bereft of every comfort here,
Of hope, or joy, or sympathising friend—
What then for me remains,
But death to ease my pains,
In death alone my poignant griefs will end.

JULIA.

---

* This stanza alludes to a circumstance, which occurred during an evening party, at the house of a gentleman in this city, who exhibited his wonted hospitality to the *Muse's friend*, and who was studious, by his assidious civilities to Mr. Moore, to prove his estimation of such an amiable and ingenious poet. At the request of the lady of the house, Mr. Moore sang the following song, which, at a very early age, he had composed and set to music. The tenderness of the air, the pathos of the sentiment, and the melancholy cadence of the measure, aided by the voice of Taste and Harmony naturally elicited tears from one, who possessed a heart to feel, and an understanding to discriminate.

Mary, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever lov'd like me,
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely!

Fare thee well, yet think a while
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile
And die with thee, than live without thee.

Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
Thou leavs't me many a bitter token,
For see, distracting woman, see
My peace is gone, my heart is broken,
Fare thee well

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO SERENA.

Ever must Lodinus weep?
Ever lift the languid eye?
Ah Fancy will not—cannot sleep,
And Hope *may* steal a truant sigh.
Sweetest illusion of the pensive hour!
Soul of each transport! solace of each care!
Cease not to weave thy magic circling bower,
Cease not!—or leave thy victim to despair!—
Yes! thy image, gentle maid,
Still the shadowy dream shall sway,
Still hover o'er the twilight shade,
The dear delusion of my way.
Now—thy whisper soft I hear,
Stealing o'er the pang of woe;
Now—thy smile thro' sorrow's tear,
Kindles Hope's majestic glow—
Now I paint thy vivid mien,
Glow of rapture; glance of fire;
Burning sighs that swell between,
Tears that Stoics might inspire—
Now—but ah too sanguine strain,
Despondence ever doom'd to woo,
The wretch thou oft has sooth'd in vain,
Bids thee now a long adieu!
Adieu Serena! if on thee to dwell,
Till life and love and consciousness are o'er,
Bid in thy trembling breast one thought rebel,
One sigh, that whispers I shall love no more.
Adieu forever! yet thy image still,
Thy angel sweetness, and thy soaring soul;
Warm in this heart shall live thro' ev'ry ill,
And smiling, bid Fate's idle thunders roll!

LODINUS.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES

Written, at the request of a Lady, on the death of a favourite dog.

Ariel! lo thy mistress here,
Sheds the recollecting tear,
And beneath the willow's shade,
Where thy peaceful form is laid,
Often at the death of day,
She will weave the pensive lay.

There will oft delight to draw
The ear once starting at her call;
The wagging tail—the nimble paw,
And eye more eloquent than all.
For well does mem'ry picture to her view
Lamented Ariel! when by time endear'd,
No other voice than hers thy fondness knew,
Nor other smile desir'd, nor menace fear'd.
Oft would her hands thy decent locks compose,
Or bathe their snowy whiteness in the stream,
Oft prove a pillow to thy short repose,
And watch the startings of thy wakeful dream!
And when at last, assail'd by swift disease,
Thy feeble frame unequal to the strife,
Convuls'd and shudd'ring, e'er it sank in peace,
Left in these circling arms its little life—
Oh thou wert conscious still, when *she* carest
Till Hope's last flutter *left* the purple tide;
Then, as the well known hand thy bosom press'd,
Thou wagg'st thy little tail for joy—and died!

Ariel, farewel! farewel forever!
Yet thy form shall leave me never.
Oft thy little airy sprite
Flitting thro' the shades of night,
Still attends me as I stray,
Partner of my pensive way.
Thou too the future wish shalt bend
That moulds the lover or the friend.—
Like thine I'll bid his fondness know
An ardour ceaseless and sincere;
With warmth like thine his raptures glow,
And plant thy softness in his tear—
Then shall the throb of mutual transport swell,
And ever in this heart thy beauteous semblance dwell.

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Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I was struck yesterday with the following lines in Rosseau's comedy, "Le Devin du Village

"Pour vous faire d'aimer d'avantage
Feigner d'aimer un peu moins
L'amour croit sil inquiette
Il s'endoit s'il est content
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The advice and the sentiment are paraphrased in irregular rhyme, as my whimsical muse dictated.

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Hide, oh hide your palpitation,
Feign your Colin but to slight,
'Twill revive his agitation
And his flame again excite.

Inquietude's the food of love—
If secure, it falls asleep:
A little coquetry will prove
A charm your Colin's heart to keep.

Hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears,
Heavy sighs,
Sparkling eyes,
Flying, willing,
Pouting, billing,
Melancholy,
Tricks of folly,
Delight by their variety,
Nay e'en by contrariety.

But extremes in all are wrong,
And beware none last too long.
Nature's charms are all display'd
In sweetly blending light and shade,
And she preserves her endless pow'r
By changes every fleeting hour—
Yet has she still one constant plan
To render happiness to man. T. L.

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ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO NEVER LOVED.

With all its pangs, I'd not forego
The dear, delusive dreams of love,
Or change the joys, that they bestow,
For all, that senseless Stoics prove.

When for my absent love I mourn,
My bosom teems with many a sigh,
Anxious I chide her slow return,
And bid the tardy moments fly.

E'en then can fancy's magic power,
Pourtray my love, in all her charms,
And wing the leaden footed hour,
That keeps me from Matilda's arms.

But oh! what words can ere display,
The fond elysium, when we meet,
What muse with warm impassioned lay,
Can sing of transports half so sweet!

Reclining on her snowy breast,
I breathe the fragrance of her sighs,
And gently to her bosom prest,
Drink the mild lustre of her eyes.
Our lips in soft embraces join'd,
That only ope with vows of love,
Her arms around my neck entwin'd,
Persuasive bid me not to rove.

No; never while such joys as these
Can bid my heart with rapture glow,
Will I resign for tranquil ease
Love's bliss, alloy'd with all its woe!

LUCIO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON LEAVING COLLEGE.

Ye walls, where peace and science reign;
Ye guardians of my infant age,
Where yet unknown to care and pain,
With joy I turned the classic page.
Where white-rob'd innocence and truth,
In harmony combined,
Await to guide each little youth,
And shed their influence o'er the dawning mind.
No more within thy happy bounds to stray,
Or join the little bands that form thy care,
Who know no pain—no grief beyond to-day,
Who all the sweets of youth and virtue share.
I part reluctant from thy sacred shade,
Where late I mix'd amid the merry throng,
Or with the muse have fondly sought the glade,
Or mingled in the tale or jocund song:
Yet, tho' by cruel fate, remov'd
From all those scenes so much belov'd,
To join a world, where nought appears,
But springs of future woes and tears.
Remembrance shall those scenes restore,
And fondly count each pleasure o'er,
And kindly lend her cheering pow'r
To sooth misfortune's gloomy hour.
And when, perhaps, by care opprest,
From a censorious world I fly for rest,
Or, by pale melancholy led,
Beneath some waving willow lay my head.
I'll fondly trace, with fancy's aid,
The spot where all our sports were made,
When in our gay—our infant years,
While strangers yet to pain and tears,
When toil had "lent its turn to play,"
The little train forever gay,
With joy obey'd the pleasing call,
And nimbly urged the flying ball.
Oh! scenes belov'd—for ever dear,
Still present to my view,
Let sorrow nurse the cherish'd tear,
That marks our last adieu.
And ah! farewel each little friend,
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May happiness thy steps attend,
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ORIGINAL ELEGIAC ACROSTIC ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Where art thou now, Columbia's boast?
Are all thy laurell'd honours lost?
Sleeps in the dust our once victorious chief:
His country's sighs express their heart-felt grief.
In peace, in war, our Washington has prov'd,
Not more the hero fear'd, than statesman lov'd.
Give then, Americans, the praises due
To him who liv'd, who fought, who bled for you.
Oh! may his counsels guide the tott'ring bark of state,
Nor shall they ere mislead, but make you *wise* and *great*.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

Henry Jenkins

of Ellerton in Yorkshire

Aged 169 Years.

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